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NOW that the elections are over and the accompanying agitation of the political atmosphere has somewhat subsided, we may perhaps, with some degree of pleasure and profit, hear and give heed to the echoes from the field of strife.

A word or two as to the mode of conducting our elections and the exercise of their franchise by our students. If, in dealing with this problem, we assume an oracular tone, we hope the Sophomore Oracle will not consider it an infringement upon his peculiar privileges. Knowing that the way of transgressors is hard we have no desire to be found transgressing in this respect. That there should be an A. M. S. election no one will dare to deny. That this election should be held at the time of the year, week and

day most suitable for attaining the object in view, and most convenient for the electors every one will agree. That the time of year and week at present selected are the best is universally agreed, but that the time of day is best is open to grave doubts. Of course it may be urged that the results of the election being known immediately after the close of the poll, the necessity for earlier closing is obviated. This partly meets the objection, but not wholly. For what student is there, with soul so dead, who never to himself has said: "This is the night of our A. M. S. election. We are a noble order. Let us make long speeches, congratulate each other, sing merry songs and cheer to our hearts' content, even at the risk of being 'run in by some wandering Cob.'" In the face of these facts, therefore, we think the poll should close not later than 7 p.m., and open sufficiently early to allow every elector to poll his vote. Why not make the hours of opening and closing the poll coincide with those of our municipal and other elections? We hope this suggestion will merit the early attention of the executive committee of the A. M. S. Grave as are the objections to the time of the elections, the objections to the mode of conducting them are of a far more serious character. We profess to elect our candidates by ballot-vote. Practically it is an open poll, in which one man may dictate to his fellows for whom to vote and for whom not to vote. Is it because the executive committee of the A. M. S. knew of no better way that the arrangements for the past election were foisted upon us? Surely not! Let us see to it in

future that no elector be supplied with a ballot before entering the sanctum, so that candidates may have some assurance that *vox populi* is in very truth *vox dei*, and not, as some may justly suspect, *vox domini*. We refer now to another point of very grave interest. We have endeavoured to show the importance of providing all facilities for the untrammelled exercise of the elector's franchise. Having provided these we have a right to demand the free and full exercise of that franchise. The practice of "plumping" for a single candidate, when the franchise demands a vote for two or more, can be defended on no other ground than those of expediency. Surely the noble sons of Queen's will not be the last to realize the sacredness of the trust reposed in them in the possession of an untrammelled right to exercise their franchise, nor be slow to take the initiative in purifying the political atmosphere. We think no ballot should be accepted on which the elector has failed to exercise his full franchise. We will gladly support the A. M. S. in an endeavor to reform this abuse. Any measure to carry this suggestion into effect will merit our heartiest support. Political Reform is in the air; let us give no uncertain sound. It is a significant fact that all the candidates in the recent election who refused to canvass their constituents were defeated. Electors, rise to the dignity of free men and exercise your freedom. Think for yourself, speak for yourself, act for yourselves and vote for yourselves.

IT is a very obvious fact that the higher or spiritual interests of every country are dependent upon the education of its people, and further that this education must not be limited to a few years at the opening of life's course, but must continue throughout it. As a biological specimen man may exist for the same objects as the plant or animal, though he must make these objects con-

scious ones, whereas the others can not. But as a rational being man exists to be educated—exists, that is, to develop to its utmost his true spiritual nature. This nature, however, in its development, makes use of means, and the greater part of these means consists of the factors which constitute wealth. Now, whether man make a legitimate use of wealth as a means to the highest end, or whether, neglecting—from ignorance we will suppose—the better things that pertain to the spirit, they blindly grope amid the lower, and select to themselves ends from among these means, yet education is necessary to the attainment in moderate perfection of even such objects. In these latter days some among the mammon-worshippers and pleasure-seekers have the wit to recognise this and to act upon it in some measure. This is quite a hopeful sign, and it is possible that seeking the lower good they may be brought to recognize the higher. But having secured an admission of the point that a higher education is needed for the ordinary citizen, the question comes up, Through what channel shall it be provided? The church, suggests one. A very good suggestion say we; but when may we expect the churches to recognize, except in the case of a few isolated clergymen, the broad views of their common Founder as to the doing of good? Strange as it may appear it is only in their dealings with savages and semi-civilized heathen that the churches recognise intellectual development to be the absolutely necessary condition of moral development. But, even this difficulty apart, how many of those who fill our pulpits are qualified to educate their hearers? Evidently the church must undergo a great regeneration if it is to become an educator of the people. As impotent, too, must be your text-book grinder, the average school teacher, who knows not what it is to burn with an ardent enthusiasm for the spiritual deve-

lopment of his fellow men; and there are too few of the educating teachers left in our schools to take up the work. Indeed their time is fully taken up in ministering to the educational wants of youth, so that there is none to devote to the parents and those who have passed beyond the school. To the Universities then, if to any centers of intellectual force, must we look for the needed help, and justly so if these be supported in a liberal manner by the country in general. But the question still remains, How are the Universities to accomplish this work? They are local and the people of the country cannot be assembled within their halls to receive instruction. Evidently the missionary system if any must be adopted; the Universities must send out men to carry instruction into their midst. The classic Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have adopted some such course in what is known as the "University Extension Scheme," by means of which courses of lectures have been provided, through fellows, for several of the larger towns of the country. In this way the education of the people is brought under the direction of the Universities, which gives a suitable guarantee as to its quality, and quality must hold the first and second places in education, quantity coming third. Now although we cannot expect such a scheme to reach in this country the proportions to which it has attained in Britain, yet it should be able to meet with a proportionate success, and afford one strong bond between the University and its friends. Could not some of our leading Endowment Associations, in the case of Queen's, be made the nucleus of associations to which lectures might be delivered at intervals by members of the staff, or by Fellows appointed for the purpose if the demand should increase. Definite courses of study could be prescribed, essays required to be written, and these forwarded to the University for

criticism. Details could be arranged as circumstances warranted. All this implies hard work, it is true, but then no education that is worth anything can ever be obtained without the labor of the spirit. Your recreative instruction does not amount to much. We cannot, within the limits of an editorial, discuss all the possible objections to such a scheme thus briefly outlined, but we are sure that were people in earnest in their desire for education the difficulties would soon be overcome. Has any one a word of encouragement or discouragement for our suggestion?

IT is a somewhat significant indication of the direction in which theological opinion, in some quarters at least, is drifting to find that such an uncompromising champion of science in its conflict with theology as Professor Huxley has at length discovered three bishops of the Church of England with whom he can consent to live at peace. If these bishops have any considerable following among their co-religionists, especially the more intelligent portion of them, it is possible that at no very distant day a general truce may be concluded between the opposing forces, considerably to the benefit of each, but much more to the benefit of the community.

LIKE all Canadians who desire to have an intelligent appreciation of their country's, or even their own, best interests, we have been paying some attention to the recent agitation concerning Commercial Union. We are pleased to see so many taking an interest in this question, which has hitherto fortunately escaped being taken up as a policy by either political party. We hope that it may receive a thorough discussion on its own merits before the politicians lay their baneful grasp upon it, and turn it into a mere shibboleth in the party conflict. For, if taken up by either party before it has

been subjected to a thorough examination on its merits, it will lose all opportunity of being intelligently discussed, and the general argument employed for or against it will be the *argumentum ad hominem*, the real point at issue being ignored. We do not propose to settle the question once for all in this editorial. It would require probably as many as three, or even four, editorials to do that. We simply wish to draw attention to the fact that much of the arguing, *pro* and *con*, has been misdirected under the apparent impression that the question is one involving a single issue, on which all the arguments directly bear. There is ultimately, it is true, a single issue, namely as to whether or not Commercial Union should be accepted. But, as contributing to the determination of this, several distinct subordinate questions must be settled, and settled on their own grounds, before we are in a position, by a comparison of these results, to decide on the final issue. Isolated arguments are of little use, and the citation of individual cases, unless of considerable importance and exhaustive in their enumeration, as often misleads as directs, it being always possible, in a debatable question, to cite particular cases in opposition. Again individual arguments directed to one issue can not be legitimately used against individual arguments directed to a totally different issue, although the relative importance of these issues, when decided on their own grounds, may be considered with reference to a final issue. The more important of the separate questions to be considered with reference to Commercial Union seem to be the following: First, Would or would not unrestricted trade between Canada and the United States be beneficial? Leaving all secondary or subsequent considerations aside for the time this question must first be settled; for without an understanding on this point all outside discussion is useless.

No arguments on political, social, patriotic, or any other grounds outside of commerce can enter into the settlement of this point. If this question be decided in the negative there is no necessity for further discussion. If, however, it be decided in the affirmative then we have to ask how would such a relationship if entered upon affect our existing relations with other countries? If we have to adopt a higher tariff than at present with reference to other countries will the loss thus sustained, if any, be more than balanced by the gain from free trade with the United States? Again, how would Commercial Union affect the revenues of Canada? And, lastly, as regards our political existence, would it lead to a severance of our present connection with England; and, if so, would the result be independence or annexation to the United States; and to what extent would any of these changes be to our advantage or disadvantage? Now if the discussion upon which the country has entered is to have any definite result, and is not to be merely an aimless and miscellaneous cleaving of the air, it must centre round some such definite points as we have indicated; and the different arguments must not be directed to the immediate settlement of the whole question, but to the settlement of those subordinate points to which they immediately relate. In the discussion of such a wide reaching and important subject system is absolutely necessary, and we are sorry to see so little attempt at it in the ordinary newspaper discussion, while equally deplorable is the extent to which the personal element prevails in the same discussions. Such has been the demoralizing influence of political argument upon our people that they seem to be incapable of discussing a question of general interest on its own merits, but must seek to defend their position by vigorous abuse of their opponents.

POETRY.

LINES ADDRESSED TO DEATH.

[Written at the request of F. B., Kingston, Ont., Sept. 19th, 1887.]

NO sorer as yet hath cast on thee true light,
Though after thee, Vast Secret, millions crave,
Thou spirit-shaking phantom of the night,
Viewless purveyor of the gruesome grave;
Blighter of all with thy almighty blight,
Wrecker of Love's barque by thy silent wave,
And ever swooping, vulture-like, o'erhead,
Thy waving pinions chill to solid dread.

Death, as I view thy garden of green mounds,
Full oft I ponder on the crowns and sheen,
And think, too, of "the happy hunting grounds,"
Nirvana, and "the dark girls dressed in green."
But all is black, night's mantle thee surrounds,
Gotama, Vishnu, Jah, the Nazarene,
The Prophet, Brama, all—no light impart,
The king of blackest secrets still thou art.

We come without volition, and we go
Without request at thy supreme command,
On life we live, yet towards thee swiftly flow,
Nor heed, in strength, the ever-muzzling sand.
We think, we doubt, we hug the tinsel show,
Pale Hope by gasps of dying Faith oft fanned;
And so pass forth in calm or storm from sight,
Into the drear impenetrable night.

But there are many yearning for a glance
At light in darkness maddeningly dense,
And, as they see Faith's night-fires roll and dance,
Refuse them as their guides to lead them hence.
Yet even such oft shun thy subtle lance,
E'en though Life's anguish, mountains loom immense,

Aye, with "Time's whips" one must be deeply scored,
Before he cares old Charon's boat to board.

Death, nevertheless they are a loyal band,
And seldom fear to meet thee face to face;
They dash corpse-candles from the priest's red hand—
How long, how long before *their* day of grace?
Their motives pure, unselfish, passing grand,
As with a martial stride they forward pace
Up that most rough, but golden steep, which leads
Out from the glutted cemetery of crooks;

Where many millions weep, and mourn, or seek
For talismans among the putrid dead
Slain by the sword of Truth, and try to wreak
Vengeance on those who for the Right have bled.
But as those brave ones gain each shining peak,
They wave their banner towards the mad faith-led,
And cry, "Why seek ye life amid the slain?
Join us, our gaudier's great, though great the pain."

Old Death, farewell, I now have little fear
Of thee clad in thy murky night-forged mask;
Perhaps I'll see thee from some other sphere,
Where in Truth's lovely light our souls may bask.
Now ere I close, O bend to me thine ear,
From thee I have but this request to ask,
Come, when thou comest, gently as a friend
To her for whose sweet sake these lines were penned.

—E. G. COLEBROOK HARVEY.

LITERARY.

WALT WHITMAN.

BY PROFESSOR DYDE, FREDERICKTON UNIVERSITY.

[Poems by Walt Whitman, selected and edited by William Michael Rossetti. A new edition, pp. 320. London: Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly, 1895.]

IT is never too late to notice a good book. This selection of Whitman's poems has been arranged with admirable taste by Mr. Rossetti, who also has written a valuable "prefatory notice." It may be well to add that Mr. Rossetti has carefully excluded from the book everything whose savour could offend the most unrelenting advocate of the proprieties.

As the current estimate of Whitman is founded upon hearing rather than a first-hand acquaintance with his writings, and is probably as little true as other products of rumor, this article will aim to give the readers of the JOURNAL an opportunity to judge of the poet for themselves, in so far at least as a correct judgment can be made by means of brief extracts from his works. A difficulty presents itself at the very outset, in that while quotations may be readily made from most of our poets without sacrificing much of their thought, Whitman's poems are not cut up into portable and separable parts. Instead he is somewhat scornful of pretty ideas and prefers that the poem as a whole shall count or that nothing in it shall count at all. Consequently it would be well if, in forming our conception of the value of his handiwork, we should make some allowance for unusual yet inevitable defects in the method of its presentation.

Although the ordinary opinion of Whitman is not quite untrue when it makes of him a lawless adventurer in the region of verse, it can not be out of place, first of all, to hear his own estimate of his productions, and his own account of the relation which they bear as regards both matter and form to the established poetry. In his prose preface to "Leaves of Grass" he writes:

"The poetic quality is not marshalled in rhyme or uniformity, or abstract addresses to things, nor in melancholy complaints or good precepts, but is the life of these and much else, and is in the soul. The profit of rhyme is that it drops seeds of a sweeter and more luxuriant rhyme; and of uniformity, that it conveys itself into its own roots into the ground out of sight. The rhyme and uniformity of perfect poems show the free growth of

metrical laws, and bud from them as unerringly and loosely as lilacs or roses on a bush, and take shapes as compact as the shapes of chestnuts and oranges and melons and pears, and shed the perfume impalpable to form. The fluency and ornaments of the finest poems or music or orations or recitations are not independent, but dependent. All beauty comes from beautiful blood and a beautiful brain. If the greatnesses are in conjunction in a man or woman, it is enough—the fact will prevail through the universe: but the gaggery and gilt of a million years will not prevail, who troubles himself about his ornaments or fluency is lost."

Again he writes in the same preface:

"The greatest poet has less a marked style, and is more the channel of thoughts and things without increase or diminution, and is the free channel of himself. He swears to his art,—I will not be meddling, I will not have in my writing any elegance or effect or originality to hang in the way between me and the rest like curtains. I will have nothing hang in the way, not the richest curtains. What I tell I tell for precisely what it is. Let who may exalt or startle or fascinate or soothe, I will have purposes as health or heat or snow had, and be as regardless of observation. What I experience or pourtray shall go from my composition without a shred of my composition. You shall stand by my side, and look in the mirror with me."

I need not beg pardon for giving a third passage from the same piece of prose:

"The old red blood and stainless gentility of great poets will be proved by their unconstraint. A heroic person walks at his ease through and out of that custom or precedent or authority that suits him not. Of the traits of the brotherhood of writers, savans, musicians, inventors, and artists, nothing is finer than silent defiance advancing from new free forms. In the need of poems, philosophy, politics, mechanism, science, behaviour, the craft of art, an appropriate native grand opera, shipcraft or any craft, he is greatest for ever and for ever who contributes the greatest original practical example. The cleanest expression is that which finds no sphere worthy of itself, and makes one."

Too long has the "pale poetling" sat at his desk and with "tender lip" and "musical labial sound" warbled "dainty rhymes or sentimental love verses," and "lisp'd Cadeuza's piano." It is high time that the poet should have in his utterances more of the breadth of the sky and the liberty of the fluid sea. Too often have songs had as their burden some "melancholy complaint" or "good precept;" they must return to the "primal sanities" of the earth, that "great round wonder rolling through the air." So Whitman, throughout the new sphere which he creates for himself, breathes a "silent defiance" against all the forms of poetry canonized by custom.

This attitude towards the time-honored methods and vocabulary of poetry would of itself tend to throw into prominence the personality of Whitman, nor is he at

pains to counteract such a tendency by any rigid self-suppression. On the contrary he invites and even commands our attention. "Read these leaves," is his mandate, "in the open air every season of every year of your life." The following passages will serve as an index to his evaluation of himself:

I.

Take my leaves America! take them South, and take them North!

Make welcome for them everywhere, for they are your own offspring;

Surround them, East and West! for they would surround you;

And you precedents! connect lovingly with them, for they connect lovingly with you.

I connect old times;

I sat studying at the feet of the great masters;

Now, if eligible, O that the great masters might return and study me!

II.

See, projected through time,

For me an audience interminable.

III.

The learned, virtuous, benevolent, and the usual terms;

A man like me, and never the usual terms.

IV.

Poets to come!

Not to-day is to justify me, and Democracy, and what we are for;

But you, a new brood, native, athletic, continental, greater than before known,

You may justify me.

V.

For we support all,

After the rest is done and gone, we remain;

There is no final reliance but upon us;

Democracy rests finally upon us, (I, my brethren, begin it.)

And our visions sweet through eternity.

VI.

Comrades! This is no book;

Who touches this touches a man.

VII.

I may have to be persuaded many times before I consent to give myself to you—but what of that?

Must not Nature be persuaded many times?

No dainty *dolce affettuoso* I;

Bearded, sunburnt, gray-necked, forbidding, I have arrived,

To be wrestled with as I pass, for the solid prizes of the universe;

For such I afford whoever can persevere to win them.

From these quotations it may be seen that after all Whiteman has thrust upon us only what I might dare to call an impersonal personality, for Democracy takes root from him and such as he, and he is no more himself than he is America. It is thus natural to ask what is Whiteman's precise relation to Democracy; and I shall give his answer to this question in a subsequent number of the JOURNAL.

ATHLETICS.

QUEEN'S VS. VARSITY.

(Continued from No. 2.)

OUT of the scrimmage that ensued the Queen's backs got it, and in trying to work it up field were forced to rouse and Varsity added another point. Smellie kicked off with a neat punt, and before the ball touched the ground White was on to it, and with Pratt and the left forwards dribbled it in a twinkling to within a few yards of Varsity goal, where Garratt got in the way, and, luckily for him, got the ball and kicked it into touch near Varsity's 25 line. Here a scrimmage was formed from which the ball again went into touch several times. At this point Queen's claimed that Senkler had carried the ball into touch and stopped play for the throw in. McClean, however, seized the ball and started down the field unpursued. McCannan, on seeing this, ran out, and chasing collared him on the touch line behind the goal just as he got it on the ground. Varsity claimed a touch down, Queen's a touch in goal. The Referee having decided that the ball had not gone into touch up the field now came down with the rest of the players to decide on the other point. As he had not seen the play he compromised matters and gave Varsity a touch without a try, which added four to their score. The game had now been in progress for less than 15 minutes and the Queen's men were now showing their form. When the ball was kicked off it was almost immediately rushed up field and over Varsity's 25 line, and within the next 20 minutes Varsity was forced to rouse three times. Till half time Varsity had to fight hard to protect their goal, and the play never went below center field. During this time Pirie made numerous fine punts, Smellie getting the ball out of the scrimmage time and time again and passing it back to him. One of Pirie's punts, just before half time was called, was caught by Garratt, who, in doing so, staggered back against the goal post and made his mark, which Queen's claimed was on the goal line, but this the referee disallowed and gave Varsity a fair catch. Queen's then lined up on Varsity's goal line, Varsity retiring behind, where Senkler kicked the free kick. When half time was called Varsity was still struggling hard in defence and the score stood, Varsity 9, Queen's 3.

After a short rest, during which Harry Pirie removed his stockings, play was resumed. Queen's kicked off and Pirie, getting the ball, began a run, but being tackled

kicked into touch. The ball was thrown out within Varsity's 25 line, where the scrimmage was formed and continued for some time. Pirie eventually kicked the ball over the goal line, when Garratt was forced to rouse. The play was now very fast and close, one succession of scrimmages changing about rapidly between the Varsity goal and the center of the field. It was during this part of the game that Harry Pirie and J. H. Senkler especially distinguished themselves, the former by his tackling, the latter by his running. It was also at this point that Ed. Pirie did some brilliant punting, receiving the ball out of the scrimmage from Smellie and Farrell, and holding it on one end in the palm of his hand he would run across the field behind the disorganized scrimmage, and, when tackled, give it a long punt down. Many of these punts were caught by Mills and Senkler and free kicks resulted, and it was only in this way that Varsity could shake Queen's tenacious and resolute scrimmaging off their goal, Senkler's fine dashes being prevented from being effective by Harry Pirie's tackling. During all this while Harry McCannan had nothing to do except to stand on the upper part of the field watching the game. The scrimmage still continued within the Varsity 25 line, despite all her players could do, till finally Pirie again kicked the ball over the goal line, and in the rush which followed Gaudier secured it and made a touch down. The ball was then brought out and Harry McCannan made the try which was a difficult one, as the ball had been touched quite close to the western boundary. The kick was straight enough but fell short, and the score stood—Varsity 8, Queen's 8. When the ball had again been put in motion the same close, brilliant play continued, the ball being kept well down the field. As the score was now a tie Varsity strained every nerve to prevent Queen's from again scoring, and this by their good luck was managed, although the scrimmage, and as a consequence the ball, still hovered about their 25 line. Shortly before time was called Boyd and Mills managed to change the scene of battle to Queen's 25 line. Here a scrimmage took place, out of which the Varsity forwards were successful in getting the ball. It was kicked past Queen's forwards and several Varsity men were after it in hot pursuit, and all but McCannan were passed, when he picked it up and, coolly stepping aside, let them rush by him while he made a good kick down field and into touch. Shortly after the ball had been thrown in time was called.

As the game was still a draw it was decided to play twenty minutes longer to settle it if possible. Another toss up was necessary, which the Varsity won and decided to kick up for the first ten minutes. Queen's again kicked off and the ball was well sent down field, but was sharply returned. The scrimmage formed about center field and continued there till near the end of the ten minutes, when Varsity managed to work the ball into the neighborhood of Queen's 25 line, where it was when time was called.

No time was lost, as it was now getting dark, and as

soon as sides were changed play was at once resumed. Senkler kicked off and McCammon, in punting back, sent the ball into touch. It was thrown in a little outside of Queen's 25 line, and there a tough scrumage took place which lasted five or six minutes. McClean finally got the ball and attempted to run with it, but was promptly collared, and the whole party with the ball went over the boundary and fell into the crowd, which was surging over the line and encroaching on the field. It was now rapidly getting dark, while the crowd on the field hampered the play. The ball was thrown in a little inside Queen's 25 line, and being held a scrumage was formed, out of which Farrell got it and passed it to the half backs. One of the Piries being tackled before he could kick he passed it to his brother, who failed to get it, and the ball rolled into goal. In the rush which followed Queen's was forced to rouge and Varsity added another point to her score. When the crowd saw the result there was no restraining them. They poured onto the field shouting wildly as they surrounded the players. The remaining two minutes were spent in clearing the field and starting the game, which continued in the form of a scrumage near Queen's 25 line till time was called and the match Varsity's by a score of 10 to 8.

Many laughable incidents took place during the match, and though there were some hot encounters the best of feeling always prevailed. Several times when one of the Senklers was tackled and he and his opponent came heavily to ground, it was amusing to see one of his brothers career across the field at a sprinting gait, for the moment with vengeance in his eye, and piling on and engaging the Queen's man in a hearty embrace. The Pirie brothers, too, often sped on the same errand, but always when all parties arose from the melee they smiled at one another and got to work again. [At one time when two or three of each side were engaged in a complicated and promiscuous tussle, the ball, which had been in the center, was carried off, but they did not seem to notice this and continued to hang on to one another. Thereupon one of the field captains ran to the struggling mass and tried to pull off some of the opposite side. The captain of the opposite side then rapidly drew near and explained to the puller that he had better pull off his own men. The puller replied that he guessed he could pull them all off, to which the other answered that he was sure he couldn't. By this time the struggling players found that the ball was elsewhere, and the result of it all was that the two field captains had a good laugh at one another and proceeded to business.]

The Varsity players had the worst luck so far as hard knocks and cramps went. Moss collided with Rykert in a scrumage, and for the balance of the match presented a gory appearance with a bandkerchief bound about his forehead, while Rykert was stunned sufficiently to place him *hors de combat* for a few minutes. Only one Queen's man took a cramp, and Fred McCammon was the favored one, but he was soon brought to by the attention Robert-

son gave him. Half a dozen Varsity men, however, experienced the sensation. During the first half after Queen's had been forced to rouge, the Varsity players retired up the field and were surprised to see that most of the Queen's men were still down behind the goal line ranged in a circle holding a consultation of some sort. On hastening down to see what was up they found one of their own men lying on his back on the ground while a number of Queen's were vigorously rubbing the knotted muscles in his leg, Marquis holding him by the two feet. He had, unknown to his comrades, been seized with a cramp at this critical moment.

The spectators who witnessed the match were mostly University men and their friends, the fairly through having been drawn away by a lacrosse match. Probably never before has a less noisy band of students watched a football match on Varsity lawn, an anomaly due to the closeness of the contest and to the fact that Varsity, as a rule, had to give in the scrumage. There were, of course, hearty cheers given when either side made a good play, for Queen's had many sympathisers among the spectators, but there was no continued yowl from start to finish such as students usually like to make when on their own campus watching a football match.

THE CRUISE OF THE GLEE CLUB.

TOWARD the close of last session, just before every thought, except the ever present one as to how in creation the exams could be passed, had been frightened from most of the craniums at that time inhabiting the University buildings, a scheme was inaugurated by a few enthusiastic members of the Glee Club by means of which the musical talent of Queen's was to be exalted and crowned with gold and glory. The first movement toward the successful accomplishment of this scheme consisted in an animated correspondence between Mr. Harry Wilson and certain citizens of several towns on the St. Lawrence and Rideau Rivers. These citizens were requested to kindly invite a double sextette from the Glee Club to their hearths and homes, and in return they were to enjoy the enviable privilege of listening to the delightful strains of *carmena collegentia* for one evening. Soon replies favorable to the scheme were received, and arrangements were made for the Club to sing on certain dates at Gananoque, Brockville, Prescott, Newboro, Delta, Westport, Carleton Place, Almonte, Smith's Falls, Merrickville and Kempville.

It was the intention to make the tour in a steam yacht chartered for the occasion. That yacht almost broke some of the boys' hearts. It isn't every yacht that can appreciate such intellectual passengers, especially just after the finals. The first yacht had hardly been secured when in a fit of despair it drowned itself, and was not resuscitated in time for use. Then casting their eyes around for more victims the boys soon discovered another unlucky yacht, which, however, as soon as it understood

its situation, immediately ran down an old wharf and dislocated several of its timbers, and entirely demolished the screw wheel. On account of these extraordinary accidents the first part of the tour had to be accomplished by rail, but while the Club was down at Brockville another unfortunate little yacht was pressed into service and four of the boys got aboard to take her to Kingston. Poor little thing—she tried hard to burst her boiler, and when that attempt was frustrated succeeded in setting herself on fire. But her hard-hearted passengers were evidently born to be hanged, so the fire was put out and the city reached in safety.

The first of the series of concerts was given, on May 2nd, at Gananoque, to which place the Club went in a large van. Precisely at 8 o'clock p.m., the Club, full of exuberant expectation of dazzling their hearers, lined up on the stage. The curtain was lifted, and for two hours the large and fashionable audience of pine benches, foot-lights and a few people were held spell-bound and entranced by the inspiring strains of "Saw My Leg Off" and other similar anthems. The drive home was a quiet one. A glance into the van about 1 a.m. would have disclosed to the view a mingled array of gowns, boots, boxes, song books and mortar boards, while the easy undulations of the vehicle, resembling somewhat the motion of a wheel-barrow on its way down stairs, had lulled the weary singers into a quiet slumber, and silence, broken only at intervals by the loud crack of the driver's whip or a melancholy snore, reigned supreme till the city was reached.

On Thursday, May 5th, Brockville was visited, and here the club met with a hearty reception and a very good audience. The boys didn't give all the programme here though. They were assisted by the chairman and one or two others, but especially by the chairman. It was a most remarkable concert in its way too, quite novel as it were. The vocal quintette given by four members of the orchestra (*oh soft*), and entitled "Gas-lights," was particularly striking. The boys thought it rather hard lines that they had to leave this interesting town next day, but, notwithstanding the almost irresistible attraction possessed by their fair friends in Brockville, they had to sorrowfully board the train on Friday, at 4 p.m., and arrived in Prescott shortly afterwards. A large and appreciative audience again met the students here, and their stay in the town was rendered very enjoyable by the kind treatment accorded them till a start was made at midnight for Kingston, at which place the rather sleepy, but nevertheless jolly, crowd tumbled out to separate till Monday.

At 6 a.m. on Monday, the stalwart fireman and engineer, Mr. H. McFarlane, '88, had steam up on the yacht, and with a few of the boys, who had spent the night on the little steamer, waited patiently for the arrival of the passengers. About half an hour later Harry Wilson, B.A., proceeded to call the roll, preparatory to starting up the raging Rideau for Newboro.

Now ensued a lively discussion as to what would be done with the late comers. Some were for towing them behind the yacht for a mile or so, others thought that they should be compelled to sit in the audience for one evening as listeners, but before any conclusion had been arrived at all but two were on hand, and shortly afterwards these came in sight and were treated to a warm reception at the hands of the irate crowd. At 8 a.m. the yacht backed out from the wharf and began its 40 mile trip to Newboro. As the weather was fine, the scenery magnificent and the company, of course, all that could be desired, the trip was enjoyed exceedingly and a lively time was spent at each lock where the deck-hand alidities of the boys were taxed to the utmost. The two pilots, H. Wilson, B.A., and J. V. Anglin, M.D., although not professing to know everything about the Rideau, generally managed to steer in the right direction and always got there—more or less. And indeed it is no easy task to steer on this river, for its bed has a most uncomfortable and irritating habit of suddenly humping up at most inconvenient places, while often the shores would apparently walk straight across the pathway of the little steamer, and to all appearances block the way. As there are also more stumps a good part of the way than there is water it was found necessary several times to send skirmishers on ahead in a small dingy to look out for snags, while the yacht followed them in "dead march" style with a wide-awake and excited guard on the hurricane deck scaring off any particularly cheeky stumps. So Newboro was reached without the boat being struck by the bottom more than once. However, that once was efficient to fracture the screw wheel and compel a stoppage at Washburn's locks till a new wheel could be placed. Two brave medics got into the water here to assist the engineer in the operation, but in spite of this it was quite a success and the yacht proceeded entirely convalescent. The delay, however, was so great that when their destination was reached an audience was patiently awaiting them on the streets and in the town hall. No time, it was decided, could be wasted in donning black suits and chokers, and, much to the chagrin of the ladies of the party, the yachting costumes were declared sufficiently dressy under the circumstances. To attempt to describe these forsaken-looking youths as they lined up before the astonished villagers is almost useless. No coats, no cuffs, no collars, no neckties, jerseys of all kinds, full dress camp shirts (low necked and short sleeves), high-water pants, pealed noses, hair on end—scarce was every one of them, rigged out in academic costume. Yet that audience didn't laugh—we doubt if they smiled, they only gazed. It was rich to see that picturesque crowd of students frantically yelling such glees as "Phare's Daughter," "Michael Roy," and looking in vain for a sympathetic smile; to see them getting off huge jokes and mechanically laughing until the perspiration poured off their faces before a silent audience; and to see the elocutionists vainly trying to stir the humor and provoke the laughter of their hearers,

who looked as though they were waiting for the benediction. Some of them it is true were surprised occasionally into something like a smile, but it didn't last long. We really pitied the audience, but the boys far more, and the latter sang "Good Night, Ladies" with much more enthusiasm than they did anything else on the programme.

That the efforts of the boys were, however, appreciated was shown by the very kindly manner in which the people of Newboro treated them during their stay there, and when the Club left the village two days later the memory of the kindness received there went with them, and will not be easily wiped out. Perhaps it was as one kind-hearted lady remarked to one of the singers, much to that young man's embarrassment, that: "Our people, you know, aren't accustomed to such a high class of music as you gave us." High class music! Whew!!

(To be continued in No. 4.)

SELF-SUPPORTING MISSIONARIES FROM CANADA TO JAPAN.

AS several Queen's men are thinking of going to Japan, I should J. G. Dunlop report that there is a field for missionaries who are willing, after the manner of Paul, to support themselves, the following extracts from a letter to the Principal may be of interest to them and to others also:

No. 19, FOREIGN CONCESSION,

TOKYO, JAPAN, July 2, 1887.

"With regard to your letter to Rev. Dr. Eby, respecting a supplementary force of self-supporting missionaries, which we sent to our Council, I may say—

(1) "That the United Church in Japan is Presbyterian and into it go all the results of the labours of four missions from the United States and one from Scotland. We would be delighted to have our hands further strengthened and our hearts cheered by the sympathy and aid of our Canada brethren.

(2) "Would a knowledge of medicine be helpful? Yes, especially if your men should find their work in inland towns. But such knowledge is by no means indispensable. There are many foreign physicians in Japan, and the Government has a flourishing Medical College in this city under the direction of an able staff of German physicians, and from this have gone out to all the large towns and many of the smaller ones well trained Japanese practitioners. If any of your men have a knowledge of medicine it will be helpful so far as their own families are concerned, but it is not needed as a means of access to the Japanese.

(3) "Would you welcome two or three of our young men? The relations of our missions with those of the Canada Methodist Church are cordial. Evidence of this is found in their passing your note to us. That mission would give a cordial welcome to your men, and how much more would we! And not two or three only, but two or three score if you have them to send.

"Let me say further, the opportunities for good men finding employment in Japanese schools in the interior vary from week to week in number and character, and it would be impossible to say in advance of the arrival of the men where it would be most advisable for them to locate. Moreover, these schools cannot be relied on to afford a full support to a foreign worker. The offered remuneration varies with the character of the school, its location, and the liability of those who make the appointments. Recently one appointment was made in which the salary is 250 dollars (silver) per month, but this is exceptional. Ordinarily the salary offered is from 40 to 100 dollars (i.e. yen, which are just now equivalent to dollars). The men should be guaranteed a full support by the Mission Board at home and come prepared to take what they can get.

"Further, although it is not absolutely necessary it is yet very desirable that the men whom you send should be married, partly because a married man is regarded with more favor by those who have the power of appointment to the schools, and partly (I trust I may add without offence) because of the peculiar temptations of inland towns.

"I submit also for your consideration that it would be greatly to the advantage of the Canada Church if you would send out one or two regular missionaries to be entirely supported by your Mission Board, so that they may be stationed in the same towns with these other men, take a general oversight of the Christian work they may do in connection with their schools, and by their own labors, give to that work a firmer character and unity.

"We will be delighted to have your Church represented in our Council and so directly connected with the work of the United Church of Christ in Japan. We are cherishing the hope that the close of the present century will see foreign mission work ended in Japan. And the present indications are that in the good providence of God this hope will be realized.

"I have the honor to be, my dear sir,

"In behalf of the Council's Committee,

"Sincerely yours,

"JAS. L. AMERMAN."

MEDICAL.

THE students have nearly completed their arrangements for the holding of their annual re-union on Friday evening. The concert promises to be the best yet held in this city. Among those who will take part is Miss Maud Burdette, of Belleville, sister of Dr. Harry Burdette.

Mr. R. P. Robinson, who represented the Royal College at McGill's annual dinner, gives a glowing account of his visit to the Canadian metropolis. R. P. made a

full statement of his travelling expenses, vowing that he took nothing stronger than cigarettes, and would have had a nest surplus but for that unfortunate elevator to the third story and the "tips" to the servants.

The following have passed the examination in practical chemistry in the Royal Medical College: Channonhouse, Cunningham, Demorest, Fraser, Meecham, McKillop, McPherson, Walker, equal; Coon, Gandier, McKenty, Pirie, Scott, equal; Leavit, Smith, Watts; Belton, Brown, Caldwell, Gray, equal; Cameron, Lockhart, equal; Earl, Fowkes, Freehand, equal; Todd, McKellar, Holcroft, W. T. Herald and Reid.

Mr. Fraser will represent the students at the dinner in connection with Bishop's College.

Mr. R. C. Channonhouse has been called away on account of the illness of his sister.

ECHOES FROM THE "DEN."

"Be dad we'll try the chromos again."—W. H. D.

"Shake, Maxwell, we both got in."—G. W. D.

"The monstrosity of such arbitrary proceedings is derogatory to the refined instincts of humanity."—E. H. H.

Prof. in Physiology.—"Mr. D. what is the result of as(s)phyxia?"

Mr. D.—"The cells."

ELECTIONS.

THIS year the Alma Mater election was unusually interesting. The men chosen by the various years as their respective candidates were to a man worthy of the honor. Little personal canvassing was done, but the friends of the aspirants went to work with a skill and assiduity worthy of ward politicians. As a result Bethel Hall presented on Saturday an animated scene.

At two o'clock the poll opened. Mr. Chown sat behind a table in the main hall, and as each student paid his membership fee handed him his ballot. When the voter had marked his ballot he was ushered by the faithful Dennis into a mysterious side-room and his vote recorded by Mr. Morden, the retiring Secretary, whose actions were closely scanned by Messrs. Echlin and Whitney, the scrutineers.

Every hour the result of the poll was posted up by the secretary, and this tended not only to keep up the interest and excitement but to stimulate the candidate lowest on the list to lessen the breach between him and his opponent. It was quite amusing at times to see a beardless youth approach the learned professors and skilled physicians as they entered the room and, forgetting for the

moment the disparity between them, pour into his ear the excellent qualities of his candidate.

The poll closed at nine o'clock with the following result:

HONORARY PRESIDENT—Judge McDonald, of Brockville, by acclamation.

PRESIDENT—J. C. Connell, M.A., by acclamation.

CRITIC—W. A. Findlay, by acclamation.

VICE-PRESIDENT—W. J. Maxwell, 208; H. A. Lavell, 129; W. J. Patterson, 118.

SECRETARY—S. S. Burns, 161; J. H. Muirhead, 126.

TREASURER—F. Heap, 142; W. R. Carmichael, 137.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY—A. Cunningham, 151; A. Lavell, 136.

COMMITTEEMEN—J. F. McAnnamon, 176; R. S. Mimes, 170; J. Rollins, 137; A. W. Beal, 120; W. McPherson, 111.

Mr. J. J. Wright mounted the rostrum and, after declaring the officers elected, thanked the students for the assistance and favor shown him for the past year.

Mr. Maxwell, with the light of victory flitting over his countenance, told his thanks in no homely lay, and averred that his devotion to the society would be like unto that Orestes bore Electra. "I am sorry my opponent did not get there." So Mr. Lavell remarked, but his face told a different tale. Mr. Patterson said his time had not come, yet his defeat was not altogether unexpected. He thanked the students who had voted for him and congratulated the society on having chosen such good men in his place. "I shall endeavor to follow the example of my worthy predecessor in office," said Mr. Burns, and he evidently meant to excel him if possible. Mr. Muirhead was also thankful for the support given him. Mr. Heap pledged himself to heap up the wealth for the society and show a large balance at the end of the term. Mr. Carmichael was called upon, but as he was not present, Mr. Knowles, the modern Demosthenes, volunteered to sing his praises. He started to give the quotation, "Breathes there a man," but he breathed no more of it, for the students cut him off, vowing they wanted nothing so original. Mr. A. Lavell was highly flattered by such a large vote, even though he was not elected. Mr. Cunningham vowed he would do his duty to the society. The committeemen also made addresses.

THE CLASS OF '87.

JAS. J. MACLENNAN had almost to be driven away from the Limestone City. As soon as he got home he had his "sheepskin" most elaborately framed and hung up in a conspicuous place, that the inhabitants of his native hamlet might know what a marvel they had in their midst. His summer was spent partly at home and partly in Muskoka, where he caught two fish and a bullfrog, and just missed capturing a calf which he mistook for a deer. He is now domiciled in Toronto, and is cast-

ing longing eyes on a Judgeship when not engaged in giving the leaders of the government advice on knotty points. Under his care he has several of the late graduates of Queen's, and all may rest assured that he will keep a careful eye over his wards.

FRANK R. PARKER has decided that he is eminently fitted to thrash, coax or force classics into the unwilling craniums of the rising generation, and consequently has entered himself as a student at the training school for teachers. Although Frank was apparently somewhat slow in his speech, owing to his having to think in Greek or Latin before he could speak in English, we are yet quite confident that he will not be behind in the least in his chosen calling. Although we don't feel able to give him a cue in teaching (or anything else) we would like to give him this little bit of advice: "Beware of the ladies Frankie, my boy, beware of the ladies."

H. H. PIRIE was sore and sad at heart when the last lectures in *Phe-sics* and Philosophy were over, but was happy as a king when he got possession of his "sheep-skin." Harry passed his summer at home, devoting a good deal of his time to perfecting himself in the management of his pedal extremities so that when they came in contact with the "jolly foot-ball" the greatest possible number of ergs of work might be performed and the energy imparted to the ball might be for the winning of victories for "Good Old Queen's." Medicine has had great attractions for Dundas men, and Harry has fallen a victim to its charms. He is now one of the most earnest students of Grey *et al* in the Royal.

JAS. RATTRAY, the canny Scot, as usual spent his vacation on his mission field near Kingston. His sterling worth and good judgment has always given him a high place among his class mates, and in Divinity Hall we know that he will advance even higher in their estimation. As his steady perseverance and energy placed him amongst the foremost of the students while at College, so in the larger college of the world he will win a place and name for himself.

R. J. STURGEON has been out West all summer, and conscious of the great dignity that attaches to him now that he is adorned with a B.A., he travels the country round with works on philosophy and classics in his coat pockets and Marshall's text book on physics in his fist, and from time to time gathers the unsuspecting and meek-eyed natives about him and expounds to them the truths contained in his pockets, while with humble respect and open mouths they almost fall in reverence at his feet. Bob will be glad to get back to Kingston this winter, as he has found tri-weekly letter writing to this city a great call upon his time, and anyway a good talk is better than fifty letters.

H. L. WILSON, the musician of the class, acted as conductor of the Glee Club on the tour through Eastern Ontario, which they took immediately after College closed last Spring. When we saw him last he was manipulating a hand-organ with the ease and ability of a professional; this was his amusement and business during the summer, and now we believe that he is going to take a post graduate in classics, aiming at a further course in that department at Oxford.

J. G. DUNLOP—our Johnny—passed his vacation in his native city, chiefly engaged in study and office work. John is taking Horace Greely's advice in earnest, and his "going Westward" will not end until he reaches the land of pig-tails, mice and tea, where in the Methodist College in Tokio he will enlighten the natives by the wisdom he gained in the halls of Queen's. In his far distant home he will not be forgotten by his class-mates of '87.

W. H. CORNETT has been very negligent in making his doings and whereabouts known to his class-mates. Our knowledge of him during his College course would lead us to believe that he is not letting the grass grow under his feet, but that he is dividing his time between the study of his books and the fair sex. Willie was always a model student, and we have no doubt but that when he comes back to Divinity Hall he will make his presence felt for good among his fellows.

MISS H. A. GIVENS, the only representative of the weaker sex in this "most noble year," has from session to session shown that in regard to intellectual abilities at least, the term "weaker sex" is unmeaning. We hope in coming days to hear of Miss Givens as adding fresh laurels to the name of her Alma Mater.

C. B. DUPUIS hopes to shine at the Bar as one of Her Majesty's councillors, and has accordingly entered upon the study of law with great energy and earnestness. Although Bunker is not much as regards *quantity* yet the *quality* is there, and if he does not make himself felt and heard in the legal world he will want to know the reason why. Bunker has decided to begin operations in Toronto.

J. F. CARMICHAEL passed a hard and weary summer over the study of the guttural and grating tongue of "The Fatherland," and can now talk German like a native, of which accomplishment he is extremely proud. He is another of the embryo lawyers of the class of '87, and is going to honor the legal fraternity of Ottawa by his residence among them. When James F. gets up early he can do an immense amount of work, so that we have not the least fear but that he will be frequently called upon to advise the head of the Government on technical and intricate points of International Law.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

"THE DESIRE for drink is rational," said the philosophic senior as he found a nickle in his vest pocket and turned into Tim Doolan's.

My friend! Where shall we buy our Christmas Presents? Why from those firms of course who have so kindly advertised in the JOURNAL. Read them and you will be satisfied.

"Well this knocks the bottom out of my tub—I eat three times a day—attend church regularly—shave when I get the chance, and I verify every word. Yet I get my Latin prose back from the Prof. looking like the proof-sheet of T. G. M.—s' poem on 'Spring!' I can't understand it, indeed, I can't."—A. W. B.—ll.

"Who fREW 'dat brick?"—J. M.—rh.—d.

"*Arma virumque cano, Brockville qui primus ab ons
S—ll—ie venit et ad mortyagum on Queen's College conse-
cutus est per pondum adamantine cheek.*"—Virgil (revised).

See how the innocent Freshie exults in the thought that there won't be another court this session, anyway. But don't poke the British lion too much, Sonnie, or he'll snatch you bald-headed!

And as he sails down the College hall, stroking his luxuriant auburn beard, a Sophomore who has escaped from his clutches hoarsely whispers to his comrade: "Sh, there it goes! Johnnie, get your gun!"

As regards the University re-union the all-important question is not as is erroneously considered, "Where shall we get enough students for the dinner?" But, "Where shall we get enough dinner for the students?" Prompt action is absolutely necessary.

SONG OF THE STUDENT IN PHILOSOPHY.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A student sits at his lonely desk
With ice applied to his head.
Write—write—write—
His labor he never checks,
And still in a dull, mechanical way
He scribbles his weekly Ex.
Work—work—work—
While the light gets faint and dim,
And work—work—work—
Till the brain begins to swim.
Its oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where man has never a soul to save,
If this is christian work.

Write—write—write—

On the "Highest Good" for the land,
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed
As well as the weary hand.

And write—write—write—

In the sickly glare of the lamp,
With not a respite long enough
For a man to lick a stamp.

Work—work—work—

Till the head begins to reel,

And work—work—work—

Till the morn doth on him steal.

Locke and Plato and Kant,

Kant and Plato and Locke,

Till over the paper he falls asleep

And heeds not the warning clock.

Oh! Prof., will you never know,

That we've other fish to fry?

That Physics and Latin, and Greek and French,

Have a finger in the pie?

A nod's as good as a wink I ween

To a horse with defective sight,

The result of my song will best be seen

Some time next Friday night.

—Tom Hood (adapted).

WHAT THEY ARE ALL SAYING.

"Boys, I'll head the procession and die for you if you say so." (Applause.)—T. G.

"None o' yer squibs agin me; I'm in Divinity Hall now, mind ye."—Dick W.

"I move that a game of Hare and Hounds be arranged between the Acanthian Club and the Ossianic Society."—Blue Nose.

"All legal questions should be discussed in boarding houses."—T. C. B.

"I move that all corruption be swept away from our A. M. S. elections, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to Washington and Ottawa."—A. W. B.

"Heap! There is over \$30 in the treasury!"—S. T. C.

"All right, Stan. Can you direct me to a reliable peanut stand."—Freddie.

"My name isn't Tim."—J. B. C.

"Out with that vile thing. I'll read no resolution in his presence."—W. A. F.

"The mind's the standard of the man."—Jacobus.

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